

K  
SONGS FROM THE ROCK,

TO HAIL  
THE APPROACHING DAY,

SACRED TO  
TRUTH, LIBERTY AND PEACE.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,  
THE TRIBUTE OF CIVIC GRATITUDE:

A  
CONGRATULATORY ADDRESS

TO  
THOMAS HARDY.

---

Let the Inhabitants of the ROCK sing—  
For the Glory of the LORD is RISEN.

---

ISAIIH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF  
*FLOWERS FROM SHARON.*

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London:

Sold by JORDAN, Fleet-Street; CROSBY, Stationer's Court;  
SYMONDS and PARSONS, Paternoster-Row; EATON, New-  
gate-Street; SPENCE, Little Turnstile, Holborn; and SMITH,  
Portsmouth-Street, Lincoln's-Inn Fields.

*Several of the following Poems have suffered much, through Omissions and Alterations, which the Fear of Persecution induced the Printer to make, though contrary to the Author's Wishes.*





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# SONGS FROM THE ROCK.

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## THE RETURN OF SUFFERING PATRIOTS.

---

Who dare to speak what others scarce dare think. CHURCHILL.

### I.

CEASE, ye *Tyrants*! why in vain  
Spend your Impotence of Rage?  
FREEDOM now begins her Reign  
Ushering in the GOLDEN AGE.

( 2 )

II.

Would ye quench the rising Flame,  
Kindled in the Human Breast ?  
Know that LIBERTY's sweet Name,  
Thence can never be eras'd.

III.

Soon your Blood-empurpled Thrones,  
Shall defile the purer Dust ;  
Soon your Sceptres and your Crowns,  
Waste in everlasting Rust.

IV.

Soon shall our exulting Tongues,  
Welcome suff'ring PATRIOTS Home ;  
Rous'd by our far-sounding Songs,  
" Heav'n-born LIBERTY is come."

V.

Suff'ring in your COUNTRY's CAUSE,  
Suff'ring for an injur'd Race :  
Come, receive their warm Applause,  
Folded in their dear EMBRACE !

VI.

Generations yet to come,  
Shall your Memory revere ;  
Honors, Time can ne'er consume,  
BRITONS to YOUR NAMES shall rear.



*THE RIGHTS OF MEN.*

---

Assert the Rights, or quit the Name of Man.

CHURCHILL.

I.

O GOD of Heav'n ! look down,  
And from thy injur'd Throne  
Our RIGHTS maintain ;  
Let not the haughty Great,  
Our Wrongs still aggravate :  
But rise ! and vindicate,  
The RIGHTS of MEN.

II.

Their cruel Arts confound,  
And let the Nations round  
Behold how vain,  
Are all Attempts t' enslave,  
And bind in Chains the BRAVE,  
When GOD resolves to save  
The RIGHTS of MEN.

III.

Why sleeps th' avenging Sword ?  
Why do thy Thunders, LORD !

So long refrain,  
From pouring righteous Fate,  
In all its awful Weight,  
On those who violate

The RIGHTS of MEN.

IV.

O hear expiring Groans!  
Widows and Orphans Moans!

And view the Slain,  
Which constitute the Joy,  
Of *Tyrants* whose employ,  
Is only to destroy

The RIGHTS of MEN.

V.

Thou JUST and FAITHFUL GOD!

When shall the Cries of Blood,

Revenge obtain?—

Vengeance to THEE belongs  
And will declare our Wrongs,  
To teach Earth's Thousand Tongues,

The RIGHTS of MEN.

VI.

Bid War and Tumult cease,

And send celestial PEACE

To Earth again;

Let heav'nly FREEDOM bless,  
Our universal Race,  
Till *trembling Kings* confess  
The RIGHTS of MEN.

VII.

Ye guilty *Tyrants* quake,  
For MAN resolves to break  
Your galling Chain!  
Reign TRUTH and LIBERTY!  
Blind *Superstition* flee  
For all the World shall see  
The RIGHTS of MEN.

---

THE BOASTED FREEDOM OF BRITONS  
EXEMPLIFIED.

---

Ah! curs'd Ambition, to thy Lures we owe  
All the great Ills that Mortals bear below ;  
Curs'd by the Hind, when to the Spoil he yields  
His Year's whole Sweat, and vainly ripen'd Fields ;  
Curs'd by the Maid, torn from her Lover's Side,  
When left a Widow, though not yet a Bride ;  
By Mothers curs'd, when Floods of Tears they shed,  
And scatter useless Roses o'er the Dead.

TICKELL.

I.

WHEN shall cruel, lawless Power  
Cease to scourge the Sons of Men ?  
When arrive the glorious Hour,  
Period of Oppression's Reign ?

II.

When the Poor shall be no longer  
Torn by Ruffian Bands away ?  
Nor the Weak unto the Stronger,  
Yield themselves a helpless Prey ?

III.

O why need we boast so proudly,  
"FREEDOM smiles on *Albion's* Shore ;"  
When it is deny'd so loudly,  
By the Groanings of the Poor ?



( 7 )

IV.

Let us either burst our Fetters,  
Daring to be FREE and BRAVE !  
Or when bending to our *Betters*,  
*Humbly* own the Name of *Slave*.

V.

View the Man whose honest Earning,  
His endearing Charge demands :  
While their daily Needs returning,  
Wait on his laborious Hands.

VI.

Next to HEAV'N, he is the Trust of  
Wants which constant Aid require :  
All the Treasure they're possess'd of  
Being their INDUSTRIOUS SIRE.

VII.

Lo ! by Wretches, void of Feeling,  
See him seiz'd by curs'd Surprise ;  
Cut off from his PEACEFUL DWELLING,  
And his DEAR DOMESTIC JOYS !

VIII.

Vain are all the Cries of Reason !  
Vain the Pleas of injur'd Woe !  
To a Tender's floating Prison,  
Dragg'd reluctant he must go !

IX.

Forc'd with Men of brutal Natures,  
Men?—nay, *Foes to Man and God!*  
To destroy his Fellow Creatures,—  
Lo! he dies and sinks in Blood.

X.

While at Home the widow'd Mother  
Mourns oppress'd with anxious Dread;  
And her Children, to each other  
Crying, *ask in vain for Bread.*

XI.

Helpless Infants thus around her,  
Weep the unavailing Prayer;  
When the dreadful Tidings wound her  
Heart with Anguish and Despair.

XII.

Shall such Violence be written  
In the Records of our Land?  
Shall this foul Disgrace of *Britain*  
On the Page of Hist'ry stand?

XIII.

NOBLE BRITONS! be united,  
Wipe away the hideous Stain!  
——! and see your Country righted,  
Every Mean beside is vain.

## XIV.

Ne'er till then, will smiling FREEDOM  
 A degraded People bless ;  
*Active Zeal*, alone can lead 'em,  
 Into LIBERTY and PEACE.

---

LET US HOPE TO SEE BETTER TIMES.

## I.

YE "Rabble" and Multitude "swinish" and base,  
 Who suffer and smart beneath Tyranny's Sway ;  
 Let Hope yield a Balm for your present Distress,  
 For you shall ere long, see a happier Day.

## II.

E'en now it is dawning ; I see its bright Rays,  
 Reflected from Nations once wretched as we ;  
 From Nations who feel its meridian Blaze,  
 And reap NATURE's BLESSINGS unpaid for and  
 free.

## III.

O ! let it enliven the Hearts of the Poor,  
 While *Tyrants* shall tremble and sink in Despair ;  
 The Reign of Oppression is but for an Hour,  
 'Till all the wide World sweet FREEDOM shall share.

IV.

No more they shall sell us the Light of the Sun,  
And claim as their own, the Earth, Rivers, and Seas,  
For LIBERTY governs, and now has begun,  
To execute Heav'n's all-gracious Decrees.

V.

Yon Palace that now is the guilty Abode,  
Of Luxury and her degenerate Sons ;  
Shall (crush'd with the Weight of the Vengeance  
of GOD)  
Soon mingle its Ruins with Tyranny's Thrones.

VI.

The Earth, and the Sea, and the Stream shall resign,  
To ALL undistinguish'd, whate'er they contain ;  
The Light of the Day on our Dwellings shall shine,  
As freely as Heav'n first gave it to Men.\*

\* The Heaven, even the Heavens are the LORD's, but the  
Earth hath he given to the Children of Men. PSAL. CXY. 16.



( II )

ON THE  
EMANCIPATION

OF OUR  
NEGRO-BRETHREN IN AMERICA.

---

I.

HARK ! what Rejoicings rend *Columbia's* Skies,  
For some Event illustrious and grand !  
Across the Main the glorious Rumour flies,  
And reaches *Albion's* base, polluted Land.

II.

The SUN of LIBERTY benignly shines,  
And cheers the Hearts of *Afric's* sable Race ;  
For *Mammon's* Influence no more confines  
The BLISS-INFUSING, the transporting Blaze !

III.

Hail ! whom the venal Satellites of Kings  
Style, " Brutes and Savages ! " — O let me fly  
With *Phæbus'* Chariot, or *Æolus'* Wings  
To mix our Tears of Sympathy and Joy !

## IV.

E'en now your pious Hands begin to rear  
 Temples of Praise to the all-kind SUPREME;  
 Raptur'd, methinks your grateful Tongues I hear  
 Praise great MESSIAH, PRINCE OF FREEDOM's  
 Name.

## V.

I see fair SCIENCE ope her ample Scroll  
 And all her mystic Excellence display;  
 Dispensing Knowledge to the eager Soul,  
 Gentle and pleasant as the rising Day.

## VI.

O *Britain*, blush! if not devoid of Shame,  
 Nor let thy proud Voluptuaries Boast  
 Of equal Laws, to all Mankind the same,  
 While their Banditti ravage *Afric's* Coast.

## VII.

'Tis the same Blood that in a Black Man flows,  
 Which *Courtiers* say enobles *George's* Veins;  
 From one pure Fount the vital Currents rose  
 That clog with Luxury, or freeze in Chains.

## VIII.

O happy Hour, when Slavery shall cease!  
 The Period hastens—and my raptur'd Soul  
 Sees heav'nly TRUTH, fair LIBERTY and PEACE,  
 Their beauteous Banners wave from Pole to Pole.

A CALL TO PROTESTANT PATRIOTS.

I.

WHERE are the dear Names which our Ancestors  
priz'd,  
And forfeited all for their Sake ?  
Compar'd with which, Life, even Life ! they despis'd,  
And dy'd at the Block or the Stake.

II.

Are BRITON and PROTESTANT totally lost ?  
Or nought but a frivolous Sound ?  
And are they but *Phantoms* and *Shadows* we boast,  
Where *Fraud* and *Deception* abound ?

III.

O think of the Blood which the Scaffold distained,  
When RUSSEL and SYDNEY expir'd ;  
All less than DEAR FREEDOM they nobly dis-  
dain'd,  
For FREEDOM their Bosoms had fir'd !

IV.

Reflect on the Flames which ascended the Sky,  
When HOOPER and LATIMER dy'd ;  
They gloried in TRUTH with unspeakable Joy,  
And *Antichrist's* Malice defy'd.

V.

Let these, and a Thousand more Characters bright  
By their Courage and Firmness inflame  
All PROTESTANT PATRIOTS now to unite,  
And cover the *Tyrants* with Shame!

VI.

Or shall we sit down without Care or Concern,  
While *Rome* is erecting her Throne;  
'Till rous'd by the Cry of, "*Let Heretics burn!*"  
We wake when our Strength is all gone.\*

VII.

[ Good Heav'ns! what daring Advances we see,  
Old *Babylon's* Walls to build up!  
The ——— and his Father the Devil agree †  
In *defending* the Faith of ——— the Pope!

VIII.

By all the grand Truths for which MARTYRS have  
bled  
And smiled at the Rage of their Foes  
Stand zealously forward, and be not dismay'd,  
In Defence of the PROTESTANT CAUSE.

\* Remember Samson.

† Ye are of your Father the Devil, and the Lusts of your Father ye will do. JOHN viii 44. For this Purpose the SON OF GOD was manifested that he might destroy the Works of the Devil. 1 JOHN iii. 8.—*Query.* Is not an Attempt to support the Kingdom of Antichrist, at the Expence of many Thousands of innocent Lives, a Work of the Devil?



IX.

By all the great RIGHTS which Oppressors with-hold,  
And which PATRIOTS dy'd to obtain ;  
Be firm and determined, courageous and bold,  
And teach them THAT BRITONS ARE MEN.

---

*GOD A REFUGE*

IN TIMES OF  
PERSECUTION AND OPPRESSION.

---

I.

THE proudest Throne is built on crumbling Dust,  
And Towers and Palaces are wasting Sand ;  
But the eternal REFUGE of the Just,  
Is in the Shadow of JEHOVAH's Hand.\*

II.

Why should the pamper'd Lords of Earth oppress  
And rise to crush the Guiltless to the Grave ;  
JEHOVAH cometh from his Holy Place,  
And from Destruction will the Needy save.

\* HE hath hid me in the shadow of his Hand, ISAIAH xlix, 2.

## III.

The same OMNIPOTENCE that keeps secure,  
 And from the Dunghill lifts the Wretched up,\*  
 Shall hurl the Tyrant from the Height of Pow'r,  
 And blast at once the servile Courtier's Hope.

## IV.

Yes ; the SUPREME compassionates our Woes,  
 And from his burning Seat will scatter round,  
 A Thousand Terrors on his impious Foes,  
 And dash their tow'ring Projects to the Ground.

## V.

Then the Inhabitants of Earth shall sing,  
 And Seas and Skies repeat the joyful Strain,  
 "JESUS the GOD is universal KING!"  
 And crowns with FREEDOM all the Sons of Men.

\* HE raiseth up the Poor out of the Dust, and lifteth the Needy  
 out of the Dunghill. PSAL. cxiii. 7.

---

THE RIGHTS OF GOD.

---

The LORD alone shall be exalted. ISAIAH.

—————Man over Man,  
He made not Lord ; such Title to HIMSELF  
Reserving, Human left from Human free.

MILTON.

I.

SOLE KING OF NATIONS, rise ! assert thy Sway,  
Thou JEALOUS GOD ! thy potent Arm display ;  
Tumble the Blood-built Thrones of *Despots* down !  
Let Dust and Darkness be the *Tyrant's* Crown !

II.

May bended Knees surround thy awful Throne,  
And Praise and Worship flow to THEE *alone* ;  
“ *Most High and Mighty* ” is the NAME DIVINE,  
And “ *Sacred Majesty* ” alone is THINE.

III.

Let impious Mortals know that THOU art GOD,  
And they but *Worms*, mere *upstarts from the Clod* !  
May PEACE and FREEDOM visit Earth again,  
The *Hate of Monarchs*, but THE BLISS OF MEN.

Thus, O ALMIGHTY ! let thy righteous Hand  
 In Wrath and Mercy visit every Land ;  
 Thy Rights and ours "*Dread Sovereign*" maintain,  
 GOD and his *Laws* o'er us unrivall'd reign.

---

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### LIBERTY OR DEATH.

HAIL, sacred LIBERTY ! inspiring Name !  
 Lo ! struggling Nations feel thy noble Flame ;  
 With strengthen'd Arm their long-worn Fetters  
     loose,  
 Rush to thy Standard, and proclaim their Vows  
 " Dear LIBERTY or DEATH, alone we choose." }

Go on ! ye Nations ! and let MAN declare  
 'Gainst *Priests* and *Tyrants* \* an eternal War.  
 Shall SONS OF LIBERTY, so great ! so brave !  
 Again put on the shackles of a *Slave* ?  
 No ; let the Prize be circled with your *Life*,  
 Grasp the DEAR PRIZE ; or perish in the Strife !

\* Against their usurped Dominion over the Consciences, Lives  
 and Property of Men.



THE TRIUMPH OF LIBERTY.

I.

Rouse, indolent Mortals! why will ye remain  
Thus neuter in LIBERTY's Cause?  
With one noble Effort unrivet the Chain,  
That binds you to Tyranny's Laws.  
In vain you petition, and urge your Complaints,  
And mournfully seek for Redress;  
The Heart of Oppression *disdains* to relent,  
Quite callous to all your Distress.

II.

The FATHER of MERCIES has given to MAN  
This Earth, with the Light and the Air;  
Ten Thousand kind Blessings his liberal Hand  
Invites ALL his Creatures to share.  
But *Tyrants* wou'd gladly monopolize all,  
Or *sell* us what freely was given;  
Then will ye submit to this basest of Thrall,  
And *purchase* the *free Gifts* of Heaven?

III.

Let *Tyrants* not think the CREATOR looks down,  
With total Indifference on them;  
HE soon will assert the just Rights of his Throne,  
And the Glory that's due to his Name.

The Skies seem to redden with terrible Wrath,  
 And the Grave is preparing their Beds;  
 The Storm now impending is pregnant with Death,  
 And ready to burst on their Heads.

## IV.

In vain they confed'rate with Hell and with Rome,  
 To keep us in Ignorance bound;  
 OMNIPOTENT TRUTH shall their Malice o'ercome,  
 And spread the wide Universe round.  
 Sweet LIBERTY civil and sacred shall fly  
 On the Wings of the GOSPEL OF PEACE;  
 Before the bright Blaze, *Superstition* shall die  
 And War and Oppression shall cease.

## V.

Thou Earth! and ye Heavens! exultingly sing,  
 For MAN shall be fetter'd no more;  
 No more be the *Fest* of the *Courtier* and *King*,  
 The *Slave* and the *Scorn* of their Pow'r.  
 All Nature look gay, and Creation rejoice,  
 For MAN is now doom'd to be free!  
 And PROVIDENCE speaks with determined Voice,  
 To confirm the immortal Decree.

## THE BAUBLES OF COURTS.

## I.

How vain and foolish are the Things  
 Ambition strives to reap !  
 Which fill the narrow Hearts of Kings,  
 And lull their Souls to sleep.

## II.

The poorest gilded Toy \* deceives  
 Th' infatuated Sight :  
 A Ribband or a Garter gives  
 Ineffable Delight !

\* What curious Ideas the Votaries of Royalty (Children and Fools) entertain of their Idol.

A Friend of mine tells me, that when a Child, he supposed that '*noble fine Creature*' which we call *King*, to be a large Bird, dressed in beautiful Plumage, very pretty indeed ! something like a Peacock. With this dignified Sense of Majesty, no doubt but he would join heartily with other little Boys, (who admire *Puppet-Shews*) in the pious Roar, "Huzza ! God save the *King*."

Here some well-meaning Person may start up to ask, "Are not we commanded in the WORD OF GOD to pray for the King ?" - I answer, Yes ; we are directed to pray, that our King may not turn Tyrant ; or if a Tyrant already, to pray that GOD or the PEOPLE may bring him to a Sense of his Duty. The Voice of Inspiration speaks thus : " I exhort, that first all, Supplications, Prayers, Intercessions and giving of Thanks be made

## III.

O! did my vast Dominions stretch  
 As far as Ocean rolls;  
 And could my pompous Mandates reach  
 Th' Extreme of both the Poles ;

## IV.

Did my large Revenues flow in  
 From *India's* richest Veins ;  
 Yea, were the boundless Treasures mine,  
 The Universe contains ;

## V.

Did bending Princes round my Throne  
 In humble Silence wait,  
 And pay the Honours of my Crown  
 With Rev'rence at my Feet ;

For all Men (*Enemies as well as Friends, as appears from what follows*)  
 For Kings and for all that are in Authority ; that we may lead a  
 quiet and peaceable Life in all Godliness and Honesty." 1.  
 TIM. ii. 1. 2. — THAT WE MAY LEAD A QUIET AND PEACE-  
 ABLE LIFE ; not be banished, bastiled or butchered for speak-  
 ing GOD'S TRUTH—TRUTH, that is daily extending her  
 Triumphs over the mean Artifice of Courts and cruel Arms of  
 Tyrants —, TRUTH, ETERNAL TRUTH ! whose fair Hand  
 shall soon plant the TREE OF LIBERTY on the Tomb of van-  
 quished Oppression ; to solace with its Fruit and Shade the  
 weary, but victorious Nations of Mankind.



VI.

The *shining Bauble*, from my Brow  
I'd tear with high *Disdain* !  
And teach a World of *Slaves* to know  
The sacred RIGHTS of MEN.

---

ATTEMPTS TO HEAL THE INCURABLE  
WOUND OF THE BEAST FRUSTRATED.

---

Thus saith the LORD; remove the Diadem, and take off the Crown ; this shall not be the same : exalt him that is low, and abase him that is high.

I will overturn, overturn, overturn it, and it shall be no more, until HE come whose Right it is, and I will give it HIM. EZEKIEL XXI. 26, 27.

SEE, how the *Tyrants* of the Earth combine,  
To overthrow JEHOVAH's grand Design \*;

\* These have one Mind, and give their Power unto the Beast—these shall make War with the LAMB, and the LAMB shall overcome them, for HE IS LORD OF LORDS AND KING OF KINGS. REV. xvii. 13, 14.

With furious Zeal the *wretched Monsters* swell  
To build those Thrones which GOD has hurl'd to  
Hell ;

To rivet stronger Man's detested Chain,  
And plunge the FREE in Slavery again ;  
To stop the Spread of TRUTH and REASON's  
Light,

And keep the Nations in impervious Night ;  
To strengthen *Antichrist's* declining Cause,  
And put in Force his now despised Laws ;  
To be the Pillars of his trembling Throne,  
For in his Ruin is involv'd their own.

They spread Alarm—the hostile Trumpet roars,  
And wild Confusion covers *Europe's* Shores ;

In Majesty and Self-sufficiency high,  
And proud as Hell, the *Fiends incarnate*, cry :

“ Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues,  
Pow'rs \*

O reign for ever ! all the World is yours——

Ye Gods arise ! ye Sovereigns of the Earth !

Defend the Honours of your Royal Birth ;

\* MILTON's *Parad. Lost*. B. v. L. 772.—See an affectionate Speech delivered from the Throne, by his most religious and gracious Majesty, *Satan*, King of Pandemonium, one of the Powers combined for the pious Purpose of restoring Peace and Tranquillity, Order and good Government \*\* \*\*\*\*\*

Let your avenging Swords delight in Blood,  
 And crush the Base, the "swinish Multitude."—  
 The Beast is wounded, and a second Blow  
 Works his, and our eternal Overthrow.

Blest *Superstition*! rear thy snaky Head,  
 Inspire a blinded World with slavish Dread,  
 And Grooms of ten-fold Darkness round them  
 spread;

Thy weaken'd Influence revive again,  
 And *triumph* o'er the boasted RIGHTS OF MEN.

Let thy Enchantments wider yet extend,  
 'Till all the Nations at thy Altars bend;  
 Their ALL, adoring to our Footstool bring,  
 And tremble at the God-like Sound of Priest and  
 King"

Thus rave the Despots, but they rave in vain,  
 For GOD's own Cause is now the Cause of Men;  
 In vain they marshall Myriads of their Slaves,  
 The SON OF FREEDOM all the Tempest braves.  
 Unknown OMNIPOTENCE for FREEDOM  
 fights,

And lays secure the Base of HUMAN RIGHTS;  
 Inverts the haughty Projects of the Great,  
 And reigns HIMSELF, the ONLY POTENTATE\*.

\* The blessed and ONLY POTENTATE, the LORD OF  
 LORDS and KING OF KINGS. 1-TIM. vi. 19.

Reign, GOD our MAKER ! our REDEEMER  
reign,

The only Potentate, and Lord of Men !  
All Thrones and Pow'rs inimical to Thine,  
Do THOU demolish, MAJESTY DIVINE !  
While PEACE shall bear the Tidings of thy Sway,  
And gild the Earth and Skies with one eternal Day.

---

*A SPRIG OF THE LAUREL*

WON ON THE FIRST OF JUNE.

---

I.

WHY, venerable Matron, does the Tear  
Incessant stream adown your furrow'd Cheek !—  
—Her aged Breast is swoln with Black Despair,  
Thrice she essays, and thrice she fails to speak.

II.

Her Son, a duteous Lad; his Mother's Pride,  
Full many a Month had brav'd the dang'rous Main ;  
On various Shores, his various Fortune try'd,  
In her lov'd Lap to pour his hard-earn'd Gain.



III.

Now white-cliff'd *Albion* greets his gladden'd Eye,  
The welcome Shores rise gently on his Sight;  
His bounding Heart o'erflows with filial Joy,  
Anticipating Scenes of new Delight.

IV.

Ah! hapless Youth, far other Fate is thine!  
The flatt'ring Bliss thy Soul shall never taste;  
Thy Parent's Arms shall never round thee twine,  
Nor on thy Head her copious Blessing rest.

V.

Behold the Fiends in mad Ambition's Train,  
Like Evening Wolves, ferocious, seize their Prey;  
Ambition calls—and to resist is vain,  
The brutal Press-gang drag all Hands away.

VI.

Then in a Hell—worse than the Hell below,  
With others wretched as himself confin'd,  
He spends his murm'ring Sighs, and Groans of Woe,  
Nor one faint Hope relieves his tortur'd Mind.

VII.

But his Deliv'rer will not long delay,  
The welcome Messenger of Fate is nigh;  
Ambition calls (and British Slaves obey)  
“ Prepare for Action! conquer, Lads, or die!”

## VIII.

He dies—a Victim in a dying Cause,  
 Nor dies alone ; let *Britain's* **WEeping FAIR**  
 Point out the Source whence spring their mighty  
 Woes,  
 That dreadful Day's Catastrophe declare.

## IX.

Yes, *Britain's* **FAIR** remember well the Day,  
 Which *Courtiers* call the *glorious* First of June ;  
 They execrate a haughty ———'s Sway,  
 And on his Head pray righteous Vengeance  
 down!

## X.

Meanwhile the Parent of the murder'd Youth,  
 In vain Enquiries spends her weary Hours ;  
 Still hopes the best, yet dreads to hear the Truth,  
 And oft her Prayer in secret Anguish pours.

## XI.

But cruel Messengers the Tale soon bring,—  
 Ah ! stay—why give the fatal Shock so soon ?  
 “ He died in fighting for his *gracious* King,  
 “ Amid the *Glories* of the First of June.”

## XII.

The Tide of Grief her feeble Soul o'erflows,  
 And Nature sinks beneath the pungent Load :  
 So one fierce Billow all the Storm out-does,  
 And sinks the Vessel in the gaping Flood.

XIII.

The vital Flame we thought extinguish'd quite,  
The glimm'ring Lamp of Life again appears ;  
Her op'ning Eyes would shun th' unwelcome Light.  
And every Sound is Horror in her Ears.

XIV.

" Where is my Son ?" exclaim her quiv'ring Lips,  
" My Son ! My Son !——Restore him to my  
Arms !  
" O'erwhelm his Murd'ers, ye tempestous Deeps !  
" With ceaseless Fury, and eternal Storms !"

XV.

" Art thou, my Son ! art thou for ever gone ?  
" A guiltless Victim to untimely Death !  
" Thy Spirit fled to some far Land unknown ?  
" Thy Body wasting in the Seas beneath ?"

XVI.

" Curse on the Authors of the horrid Deed !  
" Avenge his Blood, O Heav'n !—O JUDGE  
DIVINE !  
" A Thousand Curses blast the ——'s Head,  
" Replete with Woes insuff'rable as mine \* !"

\* The judicious Reader will recollect, that these are the natural Effusions of a distracted Mother's Heart.

XVII.

" *Deluded People!* shall your *gracious* ——,  
" Still Murder those he should protect and save?—  
" Enjoy your *Blessing*—it will shortly bring  
" *My hoary Hairs with Sorrow to the Grave.*"

---

JUSTICE AND EQUALITY.

I.

I BLESS the propitious DECREE  
That gave me Existence and Birth;  
In Days when benign LIBERTY,  
Is sweetly pervading the Earth.

II.

When MAN is beginning to rise,  
Asham'd from the *Foot* of the Throne;  
And Thunder is sent from the Skies,  
To blast the vile *Pageantry* down.

III.

See! JUSTICE from Heav'n descends,  
(The Goddess how awfully bright!  
EQUALITY's BALLANCE suspends,  
And gives to the Universe RIGHT.



IV.

How sweet does her sovereign Word,  
To SUFFERING INNOCENCE sound!  
While brandished with Terror, her Sword,  
Strikes *Tyranny* dumb to the Ground!

V.

Proceed in thy glorious Career,  
Abasing the *Lofty* and *High* ;  
Inspiring *Oppressors* with Fear,  
And filling THE PEOPLE with Joy.

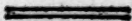
VI.

While reigning on *Gallia's* Shore,  
Amidst a brave Nation of MEN \*,  
O visit thy *Albion* once more !  
O bless MY DEAR COUNTRY again !

\* MEN ; not servile Animals, who

“ Kiss th' Oppressor's Rod, a swinish Multitude.”

DELLA CRUSA.



**BABYLON'S FALL;**

OR

**THE COMPLETE OVERTHROW OF PAPAL TYRANNY  
ANTICIPATED.**

---

I.

LIFT thy Voice, and Sing, O ZION !  
Send abroad the Trumpet's Sound ;  
See thy Foe, the roaring Lion,  
To the Gulph of Darkness bound !

II.

*Babylon the Great is fallen !*  
All her Pomp descends to Hell ;  
How the Kings of Earth are wailing !  
How they trembled when she fell !

III.

She who slew the Saints of JESUS  
And was drunken with their Blood ;  
Storms of seven-fold Thunder siezes,  
Red with all the Wrath of GOD.

\* Drunken with the Blood of the Saints, and with the Blood  
of the Martyrs of JESUS. Rzv. xvii. 6.

## IV.

See, combining to destroy her,  
 Principalities and Powers;  
 Raging Fury, like a Fire,  
 The Idolatress devours\*.

## V.

Every Kindred, Tongue and Nation,  
 Once beneath the *Tyrant's* Yoke;  
 Now with joyful Exultation,  
 Sing th' Oppressor's Sceptre broke.

## VI.

O ye Saints! reward her Double †,  
 For the Suff'rings you have borne :  
 Overwhelm'd in Seas of Trouble,  
 Let the Whore unpitied mourn.

## VII.

In Perdition deep involved.  
 In eternal Ruins laid ;—  
 The infernal League's dissolved,  
 Monarchy with Pop'ry made.

\* And the Ten Horns (*or Nations*) which thou sawest upon the Beast (*Monarchy, the scarlet-coloured Beast, full of Names of Blasphemy. REV. xviii.*) these shall hate the Whore, and shall make her desolate, and naked, and shall eat her Flesh (*or Revenues*), and shall burn her Fire. *REV. xvii. 16.*

† Reward her even as she rewarded you, and double unto her double according to her Works. *REV. 18. 6.*

VIII.

PEACE her smiling Olive waving\*,  
Flourishes from Shore to Shore;  
War and Tumults cease their raving,  
Men shall never learn them more.

IX.

Lo! the hostile Sword designed  
To inflict a mortal Wound,  
From its murd'rous Stains refined,  
Plows or tills the fertile Ground.

X.

Lo! the Spear suffic'd with Slaughter,  
Prunes the Vine's exuberant Stem;—  
Gentle PEACE, the lovely Daughter  
Of the Skies doth all Things claim.

XI.

Heav'nly TRUTH with Speed surprising,  
Publishes MESSIAH's Name;  
From the Morning Sun's uprising,  
To his last declining Beam †.

\* HE (the REDEEMER) shall judge among the Nations, and shall rebuke many People; and they shall beat their Swords into Plow-Shares, and their Spears into Pruning-Hooks; Nation shall not lift up Sword against Nation, neither shall they learn War any more. ISAIAH, ii. 4.

† From the rising of the Sun, even unto the going down of the same, my Name shall be great among the Gentiles. MAL. i. 11,



XII.

O the high expressless Favor!

Sing aloud, ye Sons of Men!

CHRIST your KING, your GOD and SAVIOR,  
LORD OF ALL shall ever reign.



## THE HORRORS OF WAR.

“ War, Famine, Pest, Volcano, Storm, and Fire  
Besiege Mankind,”

And awfully conspire,  
Obedient to th’ ALMIGHTY’s high Command,  
To pour his Judgments on a guilty Land ;  
But War, fell *Dæmon* ! stalks in Horrors drest,  
And arm’d with Curses tenfold heavier than the  
Rest.

They, with their various Evils seem to be,  
Mere *Visitations* of the DEITY,  
And interwoven with this State of Things ;  
But War (tho’ over rul’d by WISDOM) springs  
From odious Passions which Man’s Heart inflame,  
Lust of Dominion Avarice of Fame ;  
From “ *low Ambition and the Pride of Kings* !”

The Despots of the Earth, indeed,  
Always seem ready to assign  
The *Semblance* of a Reason, why  
The trembling Fields with murd’rous Steel  
shou’d shine,  
Why Thousands *great as they* should die,  
And Tens of Thousands bleed ;

But how incompetent their Reasons are !  
 To a reflecting, generous Mind how vain !  
 When urg'd to introduce the hideous Train  
 Of Woes, the sure Concomitants of War.

Were a Philosopher to search the Round  
 Of peopled Earth, till he the Causes found,  
 The various Causes, whence arise,

And which with *hellish Zeal* maintain  
 Those Ceaseless Feuds, and fierce Hostilities,  
 ('Twixt Beings, One in Order and in Kind,  
 For social Bliss by Nature's Laws design'd)

Thro' which such countless Numbers have been  
 slain ;—

How would his noble Heart with Pity melt,  
 And great Compassion in his Bosom felt,  
 Burst from his Eyes, and veil his blushing Face,  
 While mourning o'er the Madness of our Race !

The Lives of Millions in a crimson Stream,  
 Have flow'd to gratify a Monarch's Whim ;  
 Their Groans have echo'd to the Syren Strains,

A Mistress sung, to make a *God* her *Slave* ;  
 Revengeful Favourites, their dying Pains

Have felt ;—but felt them—*joyful in their Bosoms*  
*have !*

If even Justice bids the Sword unsheath,  
 And leads an Army to the sick'ning Plain,  
 Design'd to bear the Standards of exulting Death;  
 How many Innocent are in the Contest Slain!

When Vict'ry ends the Fight,  
 And thro' vast Slaughter has obtain'd  
 With the indignant Blade, her dreadful Height,  
 Were not the Milk of Human Kindness drain'd,  
 Drain'd from the Hero's Bosom quite,  
 He would forget to Triumph, and perceive,  
 Yea, deeply feel a greater Cause to grieve.

When the mad Shouts of Acclamation rest,  
 Could he retire within his Breast,  
 And there bring present to his View,  
 The Field which Heaps of mangled Bodies strew;  
 And those whose Blood is flowing yet,  
 Ling'ring in Anguish on the Brink of Fate;—  
 And could he then reflect,

“ARE THESE THE MEANS WHICH HAVE MY  
 CONQUESTS GAIN'D?”

Would not the Torrent of his Joy be check'd,  
 And the warm Sense of Rapture be restrained?  
 The Laurels, sure would wither from his Brow,  
 And down his Cheek, relenting Tears would flow



But, ah ! the Warrior's steely Soul,  
Such soft Emotions cannot entertain ;  
Cursed Revenge ! insatiate Thirst of Fame,  
The pompous Honours of the Conq'ror's Name,  
Render Reflection vain,  
And every tender Thought controul !

In vain the Shrieks of Widows, tear  
And " weary the reverberant Air ;"  
The inconsolable bereaved Fair,  
In all the Agonies of wild Despair,  
With streaming Eyes and rude disorder'd Hair,  
Fail to excite one generous Sigh !  
Or touch the Soul devoid of Sympathy !  
The Soldier's *Adamant*, the Hero's Heart,  
Disdains to yield to Pity's tender Dart !

What tho' Earth's beautiful Domain is spread  
So richly, and extends so wide ;  
It is too scanty by Ambition made,  
For pigmy Mortals 'mongst them to divide.  
Nor are the nat'ral Miseries Man feels,  
The Moral, Civil and Domestic Ills ;

Whose Seeds first enter with his Breath,  
And every Stage of his poor Life invade ; —  
Sufficient to exclude the shameful Aid,  
Of voluntary and untimely Death.

O heav'nly PEACE ! thy snowy Wings expand,  
Descend to Earth, and visit every Clime :  
Thy smiling Olive wave o'er every Land. —  
Haste, thou sweet Period ! long expected Time !  
Rise, welcome Sun ! pour forth the joyful Day,  
When the detested Sway  
Of *Murder* and *Oppression* shall be o'er,  
AND MEN SHALL LEARN THE ART OF WAR NO  
MORE.

---

THE SECURITY OF THE CHURCH

AMIDST

THE DESTRUCTION OF HER ENEMIES.

---

I.

BELIEVING Souls, look up with Joy,  
For your Redemption draweth nigh;  
The Kingdom of the LAMB is come,  
And *Antichrist* receives his Doom.

II.

Ye need not be afraid, though all  
The "High and Mighty" meanly fall;  
Tho' Earth be drown'd in Crimson Seas,  
Or universal Nature blaze.

III.

The STRENGTH OF ISRAEL is your GOD,  
And HE who wields an Iron Rod,  
To beat the Thrones of Darkness down,  
Your Heads shall with Salvation crown.

IV.

Thy Streets, O Babylon! no more  
Shall Martyrs stain with precious Gore ;  
Those Streams which have so often flow'd,  
Brings down the Vengeance of a GOD.

V.

ZION be glad; ye Saints rejoice \*,  
And make a loud, triumphant Noise !  
Your Conquests are completed now  
In *Hell* and *Rome's* full Overthrow.

\* Rejoice over her, thou Heaven, and ye Holy Apostles and  
Prophets, for GOD hath avenged you on her. REV. xviii. 20.

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SOLEMN REFLECTIONS  
ON  
THE CONCLUSION OF THE YEAR  
1794.

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I.

WHAT grand, mysterious Vicissitudes,  
The Wheel of Time perpetually presents !  
Reflect my Soul ! another Year concludes,  
Replete with awful, wonderful Events.

II.

Tumult and Thunder shakes the Kingdoms round,  
And Earth's Foundations all are out of Course \* ;  
Tremendous Judgments in the World abound,  
And Heaven's Decrees of Vengeance seem in  
Force.

\* All the Foundations of the Earth are out of Course. PSALM  
lxxxii. 5.—Read the whole Psalm, a Lesson for Oppressors,  
and Comfort for the Oppressed.

III.

Where is there Safety for a helpless Soul ?

A PLACE OF REFUGE when the Storm  
invades ?

When in the troubled Skies black Tempests roll,  
And gloomy Darkness all around us spreads ?

IV.

Let me take heed where I repose my Trust,  
Against the Trials of an adverse Day ;  
Lest my Foundation should be in the Dust \*,  
And all my Hopes at once be swept away.

V.

JESUS THE SAVIOR is Salvation's ROCK,  
" In ME is PEACE †," the STRENGTH OF  
ISRAEL cries,

He shall unmov'd, sustain the fiercest Shock,  
Whose Hope on ZION's MIGHTY KING  
relies.

IV.

JESUS, OMNIPOTENT! let all my Pow'rs,  
Be fix'd unwav'ring on THYSELF alone ;  
Thy LOVE a Ground of Confidence secures,  
To every Heav'n-taught Soul that builds thereon.

\* Whose Foundation is in the Dust, which are crushed before  
the Moth. JOB. iv. 19.

† These Things I have spoken unto you, that in ME ye might  
have Peace. JOHN xvi. 38.

## VII.

Then all the Changes circling Time displays,  
 The wond'rous Scenes which constantly arise,  
 Shall only teach me to admire thy Ways,  
 ETERNAL RULER of the Earth and Skies!

---

*THE LATTER DAY GLORY.*

---

For thus saith the LORD, behold, I will extend Peace to  
 her like a River; and the Glory of the Gentiles like a flowing  
 Stream—I will gather all Nations and Tongues, and they shall  
 come and see my Glory.

ISAIAH lxvi. 12—18.

ZION unfold thy ample Gates,  
 Lo! what a Mighty Concourse press,  
 Won by the Grandeur of the sacred Place,  
 And claim Admittance to thy favor'd Seats.  
 Ten Thousand times, Ten Thousand, throng  
 From every Nation, Kindred, Tribe and Tongue;  
 To see thy Temples they have come from far,  
 Led by the rising Beams of JACOB's STAR.

Lo! the eternal Day  
Thro' Clouds and Darkness clears its glorious Way ;  
Wide and profusely spreads,  
O'erwhelms and hides the ancient Shades,  
And *Vice* and *Tyranny* conceal their Heads.

The Messengers of Love,  
Heralds commission'd from above,  
Fly thro' the Earth on Wings of flaming Zeal,  
All emulous to tell the free good-Will,  
Of GOD their SAVIOR to the fallen Race ;  
To publish Tidings from the Prince of Peace,  
Fraught with the tend'rest Pity, and the richest  
Grace.

Wherever once the Foot of Man has trod,  
Swift the glad Sound of free Salvation flies ;  
Glorious Redemption by A BLEEDING GOD \*  
Flies thro' the Earth, and echo's to the Skies.

The everlasting LORD  
Girds on his mighty Sword,

\* Feed the Church of GOD which He hath purchased with  
his own Blood, ACTS xx. 28.



And brings whole Nations bending to his Feet,  
'Till sov'reign Mercy makes the Work complete.

Barbarians of ferocious Name,  
Lions, and Wolves, and savage Beasts of Prey,  
Receive the Meekness of the peaceful Lamb,  
And every hostile Passion dies away,  
Subdu'd by the REDEEMER's gentle Sway.

Never shall warlike Trumpets Roar,  
Men shall be taught the cursed Arts no more ;  
Earth's num'rous Sons from *India's* burning Sands,  
To dreary Regions ever clad in Snow,  
With ardent, with sublime Affection glow ;  
Exult with Rapture, and unite their Hands.

Kindreds and Titles, and Complexions lose  
Their *vain Distinctions* ; bound in equal Ties,  
Earth's countless Millions FRATERNIZE,  
And ONE GRAT FAMILY OF BROTHERS  
all compose.

## THE RETURN OF LIBERTY.

## I.

How long, how long shall it be said,  
 Ungrateful *Albion* bade depart,  
 And from its Shores fair FREEDOM fled,  
 And fix'd her Throne in *Gallia's* Heart?  
 Return, SWEET LIBERTY return,  
 For thee our Breasts empassion'd burn!

## II.

The Sons of *Albion* now behold,  
 And their Ingratitude deplore;—  
 Their SACRED RIGHTS are basely sold,  
 Their *boasted* Glory is no more.  
 Return, SWEET LIBERTY! return,  
 For thee our Breasts empassion'd burn!

## III.

In vain, the Hireling, Pension'd Host,  
 And cringing Slaves beneath their Feet,  
 Our glorious Constitution boast,  
 Where Wisdom's brightest *Wonders* meet.  
 For thee, SWEET LIBERTY! we mourn,  
 For thee our Breasts empassion'd burn!

IV.

If gilded Furniture of State,  
If childish Toys, and foolish Names,  
A Constitution can create,  
Then ours high Admiration claims!  
But LIBERTY! for thee we mourn,  
For Thee our Breasts empassion'd burn!

V.

O *Britain!* \*\*\*\*! DEMAND YOUR RIGHT,  
And treat with Scorn their idle Toys;  
In the grand CAUSE OF MAN unite,  
And all their haughty Threats despise.  
Then will SWEET LIBERTY return,  
For whom our Breasts empassion'd burn!

---

SONNET

TO FREEDOM:

---

CELESTIAL FREEDOM, hail! whose lib'ral  
Hand,

The great CREATOR with his Bounty fills ;  
To scatter PLENTY thro' the favor'd Land,  
That knows thy Worth, and courts thy lovely  
Smiles.

Where thou art absent, haggard *Mis'ry* dwells,  
And pining *Want* hangs down her wither'd Head ;  
INDUSTRY faints, slow *Indolence* prevails,  
And COMMERCE folds her languid Hands, half  
dead.

Come, then, dear FREEDOM! come reside with  
me,

And I shall sing, tho' in a lowly Cot :  
Proud scepter'd *Tyrants* will unenvied be,  
Whilst I am blest with this superior Lot.

Content and cheerful I will pass my Days,  
And grateful give the GOD OF FREEDOM  
Praise.



*ANOTHER.*

THRICE happy Land! where peaceful FREEDOM  
reigns,

And MEN enjoy the Blessings GOD bestows!  
For you, sweet PLENTY clothes the joyous Plains,  
For you, the River fertilizing flows.

For you, the Sun his genial Beams displays,  
And pours the Light, the golden Day *unsold* ;  
For you, kind Nature in a Thousand Ways,  
Delights her various Treasures to unfold.

'Tis yours, ye favor'd PEOPLE to rejoice ;—  
O send to Heav'n the tributary Lay !  
With humble Hearts, while with exulting Voice,  
Confess and love the great JEHOVAH's Sway.

That potent Arm, which your Salvation brings,  
Is none but CHRIST's, the eternal KING OF  
KINGS.

**FREEDOM REIGNS.**

**I.**

\*\*\*\*\* thy Sentence just,  
Dooms thee to embrace the Dust ;  
Fall, detested Monster ! fall !  
MAN is weary of thy Thrall ;  
Lo ! he casts away thy Chains,  
Swears that none but FREEDOM reigns ;  
Laughs at Priestcraft's *sacred Whims*,  
Laughs at Superstition's Dreams \*.

**II:**

Hark ! I hear a mighty Noise,  
Shakes the Earth ! and rends the Skies !  
Broken Sceptres !—Tumbling Thrones !  
Songs of Men ! and Tyrant's Groans,  
Form the Music, awful—grand !  
Tun'd by FREEDOM's potent Hand ;

\* Who would have thought it a Hundred Years ago ! how cruelly the French treat the Gold and Silver Religion of their Fathers ?—They think nothing of condemning to the Mint Two or Three Waggon Loads of *Demi-Gods* and *Virgin Maries* !!! Fie upon them, sacrilegious Rogues ! *Holy Church* Thunder thy Anathemas without Number on the remorseless DEICIDES !!!

Seems to speak the solemn Strain,  
" Tyrants shall no longer reign ! "

III.

Earth and Skies, and Hills and Plains,  
Catch the Rapture ! **FREEDOM REIGNS !**  
Fields and Flowers ! Shrubs and Trees !  
Woods and Rivers ! Rocks and Seas !  
Burst into immortal Song !  
Roll the wond'rous Theme along ;  
Bear, ye Winds ! the glorious Sound,  
Spread it all the Globe around.

---

*THE POWER OF LOVE.*

I.

HARK ! how the Clarion rends the gloomy Air,  
And thro' the World spreads Terror and Alarm ;  
Inspires with Fury and the Rage of War,  
And bids whole Nations for the Battle arm.

II.

With what big Strides, DEATH widens his Domain  
However other Empires fall or rise ;  
He conquers Millions of the Sons of Men,  
And everlasting Darkness seals their Eyes.

III.

Sad-mournful Thoughts ! what Balm can cheer the  
Mind,  
Revolving o'er these sick'ning Scenes of Woe?  
To Life's disgusting Cup make me resign'd,  
And wait with Calmness all my Fate below ?

IV.

" LOVE ! thou best Blessing, sent to sweeten Life,  
And soften all our Cares ;" celestial Pow'r !  
Compose my Spirits 'midst this Noise and Strife,  
And calm my Soul in the tumultous Roar.



V.

Inspire AMINTA with a tender Flame,  
And waft my Sighs to fan the sacred Fire;  
Till she approve my bold aspiring Claim,  
In sounds far sweeter than a MILTON's LYRE!

VI.

Be him unenvied, who in Pow'r excells!  
I'm blest in Heav'n, and her propitious Smiles;  
Heedless of all, for which Ambition swells,  
Of all, for which insatiate Avarice toils.

VII.

Distracting Furies! ye in vain attack  
My firm, sublime uninterrupted Peace;  
In vain your wild, impetuous Storms awake,  
To rob me of my DEAR DOMESTIC BLISS!

VIII.

Whither does my Imagination rove!—  
Fancy has borne me on her airy Wings,  
To Scenes of PUREST, PARADISIC LOVE,  
Where true Felicity supremely Springs.

IX.

Yet may I find in thee, O VIRTUOUS FAIR!  
Lasting Content, on Earth so seldom known;  
Our Joys and Griefs may we unite and share,  
And make our Cares and Interest but One.

## X.

Of every lovely Excellence in thee,  
 And all the Joys of social Life possest,  
 How swiftly would our happy Moments flee,  
 And gently bring us to celestial Rest!

---

*THE PLEASURES OF MORNING.*

---

Sweet is the Breath of Morn, her rising sweet.

MILTON.

WHAT Time the Sun with kindling Splendor, seems  
 To rise renew'd from Ocean's briny Bed,  
 To pour abroad his vivifying Beams,  
 And through the Earth pursue the yielding Shade;  
 Pensive and thoughtful in the Field I stray'd,  
 Upward to Heav'n I turn'd my Eye,  
 And gaz'd the Grandeur of th' unfolding Sky;  
 And then the Beauties of the Earth survey'd,  
 In cheerful Green, impearl'd with Dew array'd.

When issuing from a neighb'ring Grove,  
 The Voice of Melody inspiring Love,  
 In Sounds resembling Silver Lutes above;  
     Caught my delighted Ear,  
 And charm'd my inmost Soul;  
 'Till all its Pow'rs impatient of Controul,  
 Left the incumb'ring Clay, and hover'd near  
 The sacred Spot, celestial Strains to hear.

Advancing now with swift, but cautious Pace,  
     My Feet with rev'rence tread,  
     The consecrated Place  
 To which before my vig'rous Passions fled;  
     When thro' the intervening Boughs,  
 AMINTA's lovely Form my Vision meets,  
 Tho' not a Seraph from the shining Seats,  
     As pow'rful Rapture led me to suppose;  
 Yet an immortal Theme inspir'd her Tongue,  
 And Strains like these, the PIOUS FAIR ONE  
     fung.

"PARENT OF GOOD! thy glorious Works and  
     Ways,  
 Demand a Tribute of admiring Praise;

The Morning Ray and the declining Beam  
 Speak thy Beneficence, CREATOR GOD!  
 Thro' all the Earth, the Greatness of thy Name,  
 In Characters of Love is spread abroad.

Thy liberal Hand each Moment scatters round,  
 Ten Thousand Blessings thro' the Worlds below ;  
 O how thy loving-Kindnesses abound !  
 How far ! how wide ! thy tender Mercies flow,

LORD ! what is Man,

Who thy rich Bounty does so largely share ?—  
 A Worm !—an Atom in thy boundless Plan !

Yet thy Delight and thy peculiar Care !  
 But thy Salvation, THOU REDEEMER GOD !  
 But thy Redemption, SAVIOR OF THE LOST !  
 Displays thy Goodness and thy Greatness most !  
 Thy other Works surpassing far,  
 As does the Noon-tide Sun, the twinkling Star.  
 It shines on frail Mortality's Abode,  
 And shews poor weary Wanderers a Road,  
 That upward leads thro' yon created Skies,  
 To Climes of pure Serenity and Peace ;  
 Where the rude Storm and ruffling Tempest dies,  
 And never more shall interrupt their Bliss."

The SAINTED MAID here ceas'd, and clos'd her  
 Song,

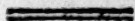
While guardian Angels did the Praise prolong.



(I could have listen'd to her Lay,  
With vast Delight, a live-long Summer's Day,  
And thought the Hours too swiftly fled away.)

Now what Emotions in my Bosom rise !  
What Pains transporting ! and what aching Joys !  
My palpitating Heart a *Something* feels,  
Which LOVE would speak, yet *Diffidence* conceals.

Thus while in me, opposing Passions strove  
With gentle Step, she left the SACRED GROVE,  
The dear Retreat of VIRTUE, INNOCENCE and  
LOVE.



*ABSENCE.*

A S O N N E T.

---

I.

BEGONE ! ye cruel Moments that deny  
The wish'd-for Interview with her I love ;  
SO ! bid thy Steeds with Haste redoubled fly,  
Nor let thy Chariot Wheels so slowly move.

II.

Tho' drawling Time and intervening Space,  
To keep me from MY VIRTUOUS FAIR unite ;  
Yet does my Mind still dwell in that blest Place,  
To frequent which, she proves her great Delight.

III.

O did AMINTA know the anxious Grief  
This Absence causes—how it mars my Rest,  
And bids the keenest Pangs pervade my Breast ;—  
Her pitying Heart would surely grant Relief.  
The Tumult hush'd, my tranquil Mind would prove,  
The sweet Effects of her CONSENTING LOVE,

ON THE ROSE,

TO AMINTA.

---

I.

FAIR AMINTA! see that Rose,  
(Shall I say as fair as you ?)  
All its fragrant Charms disclose,  
To the pleas'd Beholder's View.

II.

Drest in blooming Pride she seems  
Gayest in the gay Parterre\*;  
SOL ne'er shed his golden Beams  
On a Flower that rivals her.

III.

Yet this pretty Flower will die,  
Its luxuriant Grandeur fade,  
Like a common Weed will lie  
On the Ground we careless tread.

\* In a Magazine in which this Piece has appeared, the above Line read thus, "*Empress of the gay Parterre*;" but the Author has since recollected that Villainy and Folly are peculiar to the human Race.

IV.

Some destroying Worm may soon  
Pierce the Root and droop the Head ;  
Or a sick'ning Blast of Noon,  
Dull and Spoil the lovely Red.

V.

So the DEAR AMINTA must  
(Awful Period! distant keep!)  
Mingle with the native Dust,  
In the silent Chambers sleep.

VI.

Tho' the DEAREST OF HER KIND,  
Tho' the fairest in my Eyes,  
Yet the Spoiler will not mind,  
How the heav'nly Form I prize.

VII.

But AMINTA does possess  
Charms immortal and divine ;  
Ev'ry VIRTUE—ev'ry GRACE  
In her Conduct bloom and shine.

VIII.

BEAUTIES these that fairer glow,  
Maugre all the Storms of Time ;—  
CHARMS that shall for ever blow,  
In a purer, happier Clime.



ABEL AND THIRZA.

---

Gold wins the Fair, *few* heed the Poet's Song.

ANON.

I.

O HAPPY Days of Earth's primæval State!  
Ere sordid, low-born Avarice appear'd;  
Ere VIRTUOUS LOVE incurr'd tyrannic Hate,  
When no stern Parent the fond LOVER fear'd;

II.

Then pious ABEL his fair THIRZA \* lov'd,  
The worthy Object of so pure a Flame;  
Her tender Bosom the soft Flame approv'd,  
And LOVE alone the nuptial Tie became.

III.

No want of Lands, or lack of hoarded Gold,  
No mean Ambition, no ignoble Pride,  
Than Death more cruel! did the FAIR with-hold,  
And from the Youth HIS SOFTER SOUL divide.

\* Alluding to GESSNER's Epic Poem.

IV.

O had we breath'd that less polluted Air,  
The dear AMINTA I had call'd my own!—  
To tend our Flocks had been our pleasing Care,  
And join to Hymn our kind CREATOR's Throne:

V.

No arcid Sorrows e'er had heav'd my Breast,  
No Lover's Pangs had pierc'd my bleeding Heart:  
Corroding Care had never broke my Rest,  
Nor bid CELESTIAL PEACE her Charge depart.

VI.

Nature's best Effort, form'd alone to please,  
And form'd anew by Grace, she seems divine;  
How amiable her whole Deportment is!  
What mental Beauties in her Conduct shine.

VII.

Would Heav'n on me such PEERLESS WORTH  
bestow,  
How rich! how blest! should I be in her Love;  
Far richer than *Peru* or *Mexico*,  
They only happier in the Climes above.

*SEEKING FOR A BETTER COUNTRY.*

HEB. xi. 16.

THERE is a Land along whose lovely Shores,  
 War's harsh, terrific Clarion never roars;  
 That hears nor clashing Arms, nor dying Groans,  
 Nor wasting Armies sees, nor blazing Towns.  
 No Strife is there, but who shall loudest sound,  
 And farthest spread the SAVIOR's Praise around.

In that dear Place, poor Pilgrims are at rest,  
 No mental Pangs convulse the troubled Breast,  
 Nor wicked Foes the Innocent molest.

Complaining Murmurs there for ever cease,  
 For the wide Reign of everlasting Peace,  
 Crowns the glad Nations with exalted Bliss.

All Things in Harmony and Order move,  
 Rul'd by the Sceptre of ETERNAL LOVE.

Come, ye, whose Minds recoil to hear of Wars,  
 Of foreign Discords, and domestic Jars;  
 Whom Thought of glitt'ring Spears and Flags  
     unfurl'd,  
 Has render'd sick of this tumultous World;

Come, go with me, and join in my Pursuit,  
For I'm resolv'd to find this Country out,  
This *better Country* ;—'tis worth all our Pains;  
And will compensate with eternal Gains.

Success is sure ; we may be confident  
That not in vain our Labour shall be spent,  
UNERRING WISDOM's promis'd to direct,  
ALMIGHTY STRENGTH engages to protect,  
All, who obeying his divine Command,  
Have left their own, and seek fair CANAAN's  
Land.



*BE NOT CONFORMED TO THIS WORLD.*

ROM. xii. 2.

---

WRITTEN TO A PERSON FOND OF FINE SIGHTS.

I.

STRANGERS and Pilgrims, why, O why,  
Unto the World conform?—  
Let not the Shadows that pass by,  
Your tempted Fancy charm.

II.

Shall earthly Honor's transient Blaze,  
Attract our roving Eyes?  
When GOD our glorious FATHER—sways  
The Sceptre of the Skies.

III.

We have a Soul, whose soaring Thought  
To Heaven's high Throne ascends:  
How foolish are they who devote  
That Soul to meaner Ends?

IV.

To the fair Mansions let us rise,  
Whence we deriv'd our Birth;  
Well it becomes us to despise,  
The Vanities of Earth.

V.

Then poor, weak Worldlings may in vain  
Their Finery display ;  
One pitying Look ;—then in Disdain,  
I'll smile and turn away !

VI.

They fret and toil, and waste their Hours,  
Then think they're half divine ;  
But after all, see Flies and Flowers  
Wear Raiment twice as fine !

VII.

A Thousand Snares the Tempter spreads  
To catch the heedless Feet ;  
Blest is the Soul whose Eye pervades,  
And shuns the fair Deceit.

RETRIBUTION;  
OR THE  
REWARDS OF BENEVOLENCE AND OF OPPRESSION.

---

*(Composed at the Request of the Philadelphian Society for relieving  
the Sick and Distressed; and affixed to the Book of Rules.*

---

I.

WHEN the INCARNATE GOD descends  
In flaming Vengeance from the Skies \*;  
His Smiles shall bless his faithful Friends,  
And crown them with immortal Joys.

II.

His Favor shall distinguish them,  
From Millions of the fallen Race:  
His Voice like Thunder shall proclaim,  
Their Works of Faith, and Fruits of Grace.

III.

Now let us hear the Summons roll,  
The whole Creation's ample Round;  
And bear to every ransom'd Soul,  
The sweetest—most tremendous Sound.

\* The LORD JESUS shall be revealed from Heaven, with his mighty Angels, in flaming Fire, taking Vengeance on them that know not GOD, and that obey not the Gospel of our LORD JESUS CHRIST. THESS. i. 7, 8.

IV.

Swifter than Light'ning darts its Way,  
Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand fly,  
Of mighty Seraphs, to convey,  
The disemprison'd Saints on High.

V.

See! radiant Thrones in Order rise,  
Around the SAVIOR'S Seat supreme:—  
They view the Honors with Surprise,  
And fix their raptur'd Souls on HIM.

VI.

Now JESUS speaks, " Ascend ye Blest,  
Receive your gracious FREE Reward;  
Enter the Fulness of my Rest,  
From all Eternity prepar'd \*."

VII.

" Rejoice! my once despised Saints,  
Forget for ever all your Woes;  
I will avenge your just Complaints †,  
And vindicate your injur'd Cause."

\* Come ye Blessed of my FATHER, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you, from before the Foundation of the World.  
MAT. xxv. 34.

† Shall not GOD avenge his own Elect, which cry Day and Night unto HIM, though HE bear long with them? LUKE xvii. 7.



## VIII.

“ Your Foes confounded, now shall hear,  
 The Labours of my People’s Love \*;  
 Your Works of Kindness shall appear,  
 The mighty Pow’r of Grace to prove.”

## IX.

“ Your bounteous Hands have oft supplied  
 My needy Members in Distress †;  
 When *haughty Tyrants* have deny’d,  
 Their vain Petitions for Redress.”

## X.

“ The hungry have been entertain’d,  
 Around your hospitable Board;  
 When parch’d with Thirst, your Cup sustain’d  
 Their fainting Pow’rs and Strength restor’d.”

\* GOD is not unrighteous to forget your Work and Labour of Love, which ye have shewed towards his Name, in that ye have ministered to the Saints. HEB. vi 10.

† Not the PRIESTS OF ANTICHRIST, devoted by the ALMIGHTY to destruction; such Services will be rejected with “ who hath required this at your Hands ?” To these sworn Enemies of TRUTH and LIBERTY, of CHRIST and HIS PEOPLE; the Bible wears a different Aspect. Shouldest thou help the Ungodly, and love them that hate the LORD? 2 Chron. xix. 2. Thine Eye shall not pity them, neither shall thou spare them. Deut. xiii. 8. Reward her, even as she rewarded you, and double unto her double, according to her Works. Rejoice over her; thou Heaven and ye holy Apostles and Prophets, for GOD hath avenged you of her. REV. vi. 20.

XI.

“ Invited by your open Door,  
The friendless Stranger found Repose;  
Your Garments cloth'd the naked Poor—  
The Poor, oppress'd with num'rous Woes.”

XII.

“ Your tender Care has often found,  
The Bed where pining Sickness lay;  
Your Hand and Lips have spread around,  
Sweet Consolation's balmy Ray.”

XIII.

“ When by the 'wicked Hand of Pow'r,'  
My faithful Ones in Prison mourn'd;  
Your Visits cheer'd the gloomy Hour,  
And Prisons into Temples turn'd.”

XIV.

“ This Kindness to my People shewn—  
Shown to the Least, was shown to me \*;  
My Brethren they, my Flesh and Bone,  
Join'd in the tenderest Sympathy.”

XV.

“ Now rise and fill these Thrones, ye Blest,  
Receive your gracious FREE Reward;  
Enjoy the Fulness of my Rest,  
From all Eternity prepar'd.”

\* Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these  
my Brethren, ye have done it unto ME, MAT. XXV. 48.

XVI.

But while the Saints in Triumph shine,  
Resplendent round their LORD the LAMB;  
The Wicked hear his Voice divine,  
Consign them to eternal Shame.

XVII.

What Terror fills the rebel World!  
Their Lips the Cup of Trembling meet;  
Down in a fiery Tempest hurl'd,  
They sink despairing to the Pit.

XVIII.

Where are the Scourges of the Earth \* ?  
Where are the proud Oppressors now ?  
Boast now your noble Blood and Birth,  
And look with *Scorn* on MAN below.

XIX.

No more their impious Tongues deny,  
The sacred Rights of GOD and MEN † ;  
No more they mock the Suppliant's Cry,  
And bid the Injur'd plead in vain.

\* They have rejected me, that I should not reign over them ;  
(THEREFORE) I gave them a King in my WRATH. SAM.  
viii. 7. HOSEA xiii. 11.

† The LOFTY LOOKS of Man shall be humbled, and the  
HAUGHTINESS of Men shall be bowed down; and the LORD  
alone shall be exalted in that Day. ISAIAH ii. 11.

## XX.

No more their unprovoked Wars,  
 Deluge the trembling Earth with Blood :  
 Expiring Groans, and Widow's Tears,  
 Have powerfully prevail'd with GOD \*.

## XXI.

They gnash their Teeth with tort'ring Pain,  
 And roll around their furious Eyes ;  
 While struggling with their burning Chain,  
 And with the Worm that never dies.

## XXII.

Vengeance that long appear'd supine,  
 Is now in fiercest Thunders roll'd ;  
 For Murders at Ambition's Shrine,  
 And Victims to the Love of Gold.

\* How hath the Oppressor ceased ! the LORD hath broken the Staff of the Wicked : (EVEN) the Sceptre of the Rulers. Hell from beneath, is moved for thee, to meet thee at thy coming : it stirreth up the Dead for thee, even ALL the Chief Ones of the Earth ; it hath raised up from their Thrones, ALL the Kings of the Nations ; all they shall speak and say unto thee, " art thou also become Weak as we ? art thou become like unto us ? Is this the MAN that made the Earth to tremble, that did shake Kingdoms ; that made the World as a Wilderness, and destroyed Cities ; that opened not the House of the Prisoners. ISAIAH xxx. GOD is not a man, that HE should LIE ; Hath HE said it, and shall HE not do it ? NUMBERS xxiii. 9.



( 75 )

XXIII.

Great GOD! how wond'rous are thy Ways,  
Thy sov'reign Judgments are unknown :  
A Peasant proves thy richest Grace,  
While Monarchs fall beneath thy Frown.

XXIV.

Be it our noble Study, then—  
Let Christians all united aim,  
To help their suff'ring fellow Men,  
And thus adorn the SAVIOR's Name.

XXV.

O let the Flames of grateful Love,  
Burst from our Hearts in Songs of Praise !  
Ascend, and thro' the Worlds above,  
Spread the rich Glories of FREE GRACE.

*STRONG CONSOLATION*  
FOR  
THE HEIRS OF PROMISE.

---

WRITTEN TO A FRIEND.

COURAGE, my Friend ! thou Partner in my Woes,  
We have a GOD who all our Sorrow knows ;  
Let us to JESUS lift our downcast Eyes,  
'Twill calm our Murmurs, and suppress our Sighs.  
The bitter Spring whence rises all our Grief,  
Is the Remains of cursed Unbelief.

Torment no more, ye unbelieving Fears !  
On GOD we cast the Burthen of our Cares ;  
Why should we harbour one distrustful Thought ?  
Has GOD, OUR GOD, his Promises forgot ?  
Can our unchangeable, indulgent LORD,  
Reverse his Truth, and falsify his Word ?

He lifts his Hand, and by HIMSELF HE swears,  
(That all his Children, all his Blood-bought Heirs  
Strong Consolation from his Word might take\*)

“ My Saints, I never, never will forsake ;  
Never, no never, will I leave MY OWN †,  
For whom I gave my DEAR BELOVED SON.”

That GIFT UNSPEAKABLE ‡ when ye receive,  
“ All Things are yours §,” that GOD HIMSELF  
can give,  
And all Things work together for your Good ||  
And in my Glory shall at last conclude.

\* Wherein GOD willing more abundantly to shew unto the  
Heirs of Promise the Immutability of his Counsel, confirmed it  
by an Oath ; that by two immutable Things, in which it was im-  
possible for GOD to lie, we might have a STRONG CONSOLA-  
TION, who have fled for REFUGE to the HOPE set before us.  
HEB. vi. 18.

† Agreeable to Dr. DODDRIDGE's Translation of HEB. xiii. 5.

‡ Thanks be to GOD for this unspeakable GIFT. 2 COR.  
ix. 15.

§ ROM. iii. 21.

|| We know\* that all Things work together for Good, to them  
that love GOD, to them who are the Called according to his  
Purpose. ROM. viii. 28.

That Soul shall be of perfect Peace possess'd \*,  
Whose Hopes can thus in my Salvation rest.

*" O ye, of little Faith!* will ye not now,  
Be fully satisfied I care for you?—

I clothe the Fields, and deck the smiling Flow'rs †, }  
Without their Care, nor have I need of yours: }  
Are Ravens anxious? do they fretful mourn?— }  
And yet I feed them as their Wants return; }  
Then are ye not as precious unto me,  
As Birds and Flow'rs, which ye so prosp'rous see?"

My Heav'n awaits your Pilgrimage below,  
And I'll attend you every Step you go;  
I'll never leave you, all the toilsome Way,  
'Till you arrive at Home, and shine in cloudless  
Day."

\* Thou wilt keep him in perfect Peace, whose Mind is stayed on THEE, because he trusteth in THEE. ISAIAH, xxvi. 24.

† Consider the Ravens, for they neither sow nor reap—Consider the Lillies how they grow; they toil not, they spin not—How much more are ye better than the Fowls? and if GOD so clothe the Grass, how much more will he clothe you? O ye of little Faith. LUK E xii. 24, &c.



WE MUST THROUGH MUCH TRIBULATION  
ENTER INTO THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

ACTS xiv. 12.

---

I.

O THE dear Glories of the Place,  
Where CHRIST unveils his lovely Face !  
Ten Thousand Seraphs at his Feet,  
Feed on the Bliss his Charms emit.

II.

On his dear Wounds the Ransom'd gaze,  
With silent, rapt'rous, sweet Amaze !  
Then all at once their Harps and Tongues,  
Fill the eternal Space with Songs !

III.

But, O how painful is the Road,  
Mark'd out to this divine Abode !  
The Ground with thorny Sorrows sown,  
Oft makes the Pilgrim sigh and groan.

IV.

Full many a Tear bedews the Cheek,  
That Pangs of inward Anguish speak ;  
Full many a Wish flies on before,  
Eager to reach the heav'nly Shore.

V.

Nor can a smother Way be found,  
Tho' pleasant Fields, o'er flow'ry Ground :  
Whoe'er would leave the Realms below,  
In Tribulation's Path must go.

VI.

O! it requires a Pow'r divine,  
Strong Consolations felt within,  
To keep alive the Pilgrim's Hope,  
And bear the sinking Mourner up.

VII.

Yes, it requires ALMIGHTY AID,  
And such shall ever be display'd,  
The Sons of Zion safe to bring,  
Home to the Palace of their KING.

VIII.

O! that my weary trembling Feet,  
In SALEM's calm and peaceful Seat,  
May find at last a sweet Repose,  
Beyond the Reach of all my Foes:

WORTHY IS THE LAMB THAT WAS SLAIN.

REV. xii. 5.

I.

HIGH let your Songs of Triumph rise,  
Ye ransom'd Sons of Men !  
JESUS THE SAVIOR climbs the Skies,  
And fills the Throne again.

II.

His dear illustrious Wounds HE shews  
Among the Sons of Light ;  
Amidst their ardent Praise, they pause,  
To view th' amazing Sight.

III.

Then all the golden Harps resound  
The highest, sweetest Lays :  
'Till the harmonious Spheres around,  
Roll in majestic Praise.

IV.

Reign in our Hearts, exalted LORD !

KING OF OUR PASSIONS, reign ;

Take the ETERNAL SPIRIT'S Sword

And the Dominion gain.

V.

Transform our earthly Hearts to LOVE,

And all our Passions raise,

To emulate the Hosts above,

In Gratitude and Praise.



*REJOICING IN CHRIST.*

I.

COME, ye Ransom'd ! let us raise  
To the SAVIOR Songs of Praise,  
While from his exalted Throne,  
Lo, He smiles propitious down ;  
Looks complacent from above,  
Resting in his changeless Love ;  
Shedding round eternal Grace,  
In the Beamings of his Face.

II.

Once He pour'd a Crimson Stream,  
Wretched Captives to redeem ;  
Sheath'd the flaming Sword of Wrath,  
Gave his Soul a Prey to Death :  
Now He lives and reigns alone,  
KING and PRIEST upon his Throne ;  
Conquers all who dare oppose  
Bruises all his People's Foes.

III.

All our toilsome Journey through,  
All our Pilgrimage below,  
He will guide us with his Grace,  
'Till we leave the Wilderness;  
While we leaning on his Arm,  
Rest secure from ev'ry Harm.  
Let us praise the tender Love,  
Which we so abundant prove.

IV.

We rejoice in lively Hope,  
JESUS soon will call us up,  
To the holy, happy Choir,  
There to sound his Praises higher,  
There to perfect grateful Songs,  
Which now falter on our Tongues;  
Ringing thro' th' ethereal Frame,  
Hallelujahs to the LAMB.

**REDEMPTION.**

**I.**

O the stupendous Grace,  
That beams from yonder Tree !  
Seraphs wrapt in profound Amaze !  
Their dying MAKER see !

**II.**

They gaze, and wonder where  
These Wonders will conclude ;  
They shrink and start to see the Spear  
Dipt in his vital Blood !

**III.**

Well may the Harps of Bliss  
Suspend their sacred Joys,  
While the eternal PRINCE OF PEACE  
In ling'ring Torment dies.

**IV.**

The GOD whose potent Voice,  
The aw'd Creation hears ;  
Who bade the Morning Stars rejoice,  
And tun'd the rolling Spheres ;

V.

HE groans and bleeds beneath,  
The Burthen of our Sins ;  
And meets the dread Embrace of Death,  
Amidst a Thousand Pains,

VI.

The FATHER's Wrath is pour'd  
On the REDEEMER's Head ;  
And guilty Rebels are restor'd,  
Thro' the rich Ransom paid.

VII.

How deep the Law of Love  
Is graven on his Breast !  
His bitter Sufferings cannot move,  
His Purpose in the least.

VIII.

O my REDEEMER GOD !  
May I for ever see,  
Thy precious Cross bedew'd with Blood,  
And yielding Balm for me.

IX.

A sov'reign Balm to cure  
The Maladies of Sin ;  
And freely offer'd to the Poor,  
The Lep'rous and Unclean.



X.

To THEE, dear wounded LAMB!  
Shall Millions look and live;  
And blind Barbarians in thy Name,  
Eternal Life receive.

XI.

The Banner of thy Cross,  
Shall lift thy Honors high;  
And faithful Heralds with the News  
To all the Nations fly.

---

*COMPLAINING OF FORMALITY.*

I.

CELESTIAL DOVE expand thy Wings  
And bear my Heart above  
The World and all its tempting Things,  
Unworthy of my Love.

II.

I see a radiant Crown design'd,  
To grace the Victor's Brow :  
But my Affections look behind  
On Trifles left below.

III.

Sometimes I bid my Soul arise  
To the REDEEMER's Arms,  
To view the Glories of the Skies,  
In their immortal Charms.

IV.

But all the Beauties I behold  
In JESUS and the Skies,  
Leave my terrene Affections cold  
And heedless of the Prize.

V.

Eternal Truths that should impress  
A reverential Fear,  
Pass o'er my Mind, but leave no Trace  
Of their Importance there.

IV.

The Gospel and the Heav'nly State,  
The Terrors of the Law,  
Seem insufficient to create  
Sweet Joy or solemn Awe.

VII.

Thus carelessly I walk along  
Or trifle on the Road,  
While others, vigorous and Strong,  
Press on to meet their GOD.

VIII.

OMNIFIC SPIRIT! in my Heart  
Thy quick'ning Pow'r display ;  
Bid its Formality depart,  
And warm the frozen Clay.

IX.

Then shall my Feet an equal Pace  
With fellow Pilgrims keep,  
Refresh'd and strengthen'd in my Race  
Thro' thy sweet Fellowship.

X.

But when among the Saints above  
Round the eternal Throne,  
Where all is Holiness and Love,  
Nor Imperfection known ;

XI.

My Soul shall pour her perfect Strains  
To reach the SAVIOR's Seat,  
'Till the celestial Skies and Plains  
The lofty Praise repeat.

---



*THE DYING CHRISTIAN'S HOPE.*

---

The Righteous hath Hope in his Death.      *PROV. xiv. 32.*

O Death divine! that giv'st us to the Skies.      *YOUNG.*

Now Nature's Foe commission'd from on High,  
With steady, unremitting Pace draws nigh;  
A barbed Dart, his lifted Right Hand holds,  
His Left, the Volume of my Fate unfolds;  
His Weapon thirsts to drink my very Life,  
And threatens quickly to commence the Strife;  
To lay my body in the dusty Tomb,  
And seal my Spirit's everlasting Doom.

In this "dread Moment" what can bear me up?  
On what FOUNDATION may I rest my Hope?  
Will ye, my Works and Prayers, my Faith and Love,  
Give me a Passport thro' the Gates above?  
Will ye refresh me in the Pangs of Death,  
And guard my Conscience from the Fears of Wrath?--

Ah! no!—ye are imperfect—all!—the Best!  
On you, my Soul I cannot, dare not rest;  
Ye are polluted, full of filthy Stains,  
And need a Pardon with my vilest Sins!  
From you I fly, and my Dependance place  
ON RICH AND FREE; ALMIGHTY, SOV' REIGN  
GRACE!

I wash my Soul in CHRIST'S ATONING BLOOD,  
And wrap me in the RIGHTEOUSNESS OF GOD\*.

Now Death! rough Messenger of Glory come,  
Fulfil thy Office, and conduct me Home;  
I fear thee not, see this undaunted Heart  
Waits with Impatience to receive thy Dart.—  
Hell cannot claim a ransom'd Son of GOD,  
Nor Heav'n shut out the Purchase of his Blood.

\* Even the RIGHTEOUSNESS OF GOD, which is by Faith of  
JESUS CHRIST, unto all, and upon all them that believe. ROM.  
iii. 22.

*FAITH BEHOLDING THE PROMISED LAND:*


---

While Heav'n appears, and the propitious Skies,  
 Unveil their inmost Glories to my Eyes ;  
 Earth flies, with all the Charms it has in store,  
 Its Snares and gay Temptations are no more ;  
 To Mortals and their Hopes I bid adieu,  
 And ask no more the rising Sun to view. ROWE.

## I.

O FOR a View from Pisgah's Top,  
 Of my celestial Seat !  
 'Twould give new Courage to my Hope,  
 And Vigour to my Feet.

## II.

Could I but always fix my Eyes  
 On my immortal Crown ;  
 'Twould make my noblest Passions rise,  
 And tread Opposers down !

## III.

The Frowns of Earth would daunt no more  
 Than Summer Evening Skies !  
 Nor could their flatt'ring Smiles allure  
 My Feet to leave the Prize.

IV.

O Earth ! thy fairest Beauty fades,  
When Heav'n appears in Sight !  
Thy brightest Lustre dies in Shades,  
Before celestial Light !

V.

I scorn the Offers you hold forth,  
Your Pleasures I despise ;  
For mine are of superior Worth,  
And treasur'd in the Skies.

VI.

My Spirit stretches all her Wings,  
Towards the eternal Shores ;  
And weary of these restless Things,  
A LAND OF PEACE explores.

---



*UNCHANGEABLE LOVE.*

I.

SAVIOR! am I a welcome Guest?

May I be bold to come  
To all the Fulness of the Feast,  
Who merit not a Crumb?

II.

I've fought against thy sacred Love,  
And trampled on thy Blood!  
May such a Rebel hope to prove  
The Favor of his GOD?—

III.

Yes; O th' OMNIPOTENCE OF LOVE,  
Th' unbounded Depths of Grace!  
In vain the proud Offender strove  
To fly from his Embrace.

IV.

His ARM OF POW'r HE did exert,  
To snatch me from the Pit;  
To break my hard, obdurate Heart,  
And bring me to his Feet.

V.

HE told me that his Life HE gave,  
To quench his FATHER's Ire;  
Then how HE rose, and reigns to save  
A Sinner doom'd to Fire.

VI.

HE took his spotless Righteousness,  
(HE saw that I had none)  
And bid me wear the splendid Dress  
Before his FATHER's Throne.

VII.

The rich Effusions of his Grace,  
Rejoic'd my trembling Heart  
And shed abroad a heav'nly Peace,  
To heal my former Smart.

VIII.

And dare I think his Love can change,  
And fluctuate like mine ?  
Because my base Affections range,  
And would to Idols join ?

IX.

No ; 'tis a lasting quenchless Flame,  
HE feels for all his own ;  
And burns immutably the same,  
Eternal as his Throne.

X.

O LOVE IMMENSE ! again forgive  
My aggravated Sins ;  
Let MERCY bid a Mourner live,  
And break a Rebel's Chains.

XI.

Let me again sit down with THEE,  
Dear MASTER of the Feast !  
And break the Bread of Life to me,  
A poor unworthy Guest.

XII.

O elevate my Soul to sing,  
The Mercy of my GOD !  
To bless the Kindness of MY KING,  
And sound his Praise abroad.

---

*THE RICHES OF THE CROSS.*

I.

JESUS! THOU gracious PRINCE OF PEACE,  
Come and sit down among thy Saints ;  
Put forth thy Hand, and break and bless,  
And satisfy our various Wants.

II.

O give our Faith a melting Sight,  
Of thy empurpled, bleeding Cross !  
To gaze with mournful, sweet Delight,  
And turn from all beside as Dross.

III.

BLEST PARACLETE ! to us display  
The Death of Death when JESUS dy'd ;  
O may we look our Wounds away,  
And feel the Serpent's Pow'r destroy'd !

IV.

Rivers of free Salvation burst  
Abundant from the smitten ROCK ;—  
Come and allay your burning Thirst,  
Ye chosen Seed ! ye ransom'd Flock !



V.

What Streams of sov'reign Mercy flow,  
For our apostate, dying Race !  
Millions of Souls its Virtue know,  
And testify the wond'rous Grace.

VI.

Millions around the Throne of GOD  
Were once as vile as Mortals here ;  
But wash'd in the REDEEMER's Blood,  
Without a Stain they now appear.

VII.

Their Songs of Praise for ever meet,  
And circle the REDEEMER's Head ;  
Their Crowns for ever at his Feet,  
Worship the LAMB who groan'd and bled.

VIII.

When will the Toils of Time be o'er ?  
When will the Storms of Life subside ?  
That we may fly to *Canaan's* Shore,  
And see and love the CRUCIFIED ?

*THE BLESSINGS OF THE LORD'S DAY.*

I.

WELCOME ye sacred Hours,  
To cheer my drooping Heart !  
To invigorate my languid Pow'rs,  
And heav'nly Joy impart.

II.

This memorable Day  
My SAVIOR left the Dead,  
Tore the weak Bands of Death away,  
And bruis'd the Serpent's Head.

III.

Up to the Realms of Light,  
Rose our TRIUMPHANT LORD ;  
And Thousand, Thousand Angels bright,  
Compos'd the VICTOR's Guard.

IV.

There on a Throne of Love,  
Reigns the dear GOD that dy'd ;  
Show'ring his Favors from above,  
On his REDEEMED BRIDE.

V.

On Zion's Hill HE sheds  
The Dews of quick'ning Grace ;  
And Health and Heav'nly Vigour spreads,  
Through all the happy Place.

VI.

There HE descends to bless,  
Th' Assemblies of his Saints ;  
And sometimes so displays his Face,  
That feeble Nature faints.

VII.

HE spreads the festal Board ;  
And bids his Children come ;—  
His loving Heart and Arms afford,  
The Meanest of them Room.

VIII.

Precious, redeeming Blood,  
And Manna sent from Heav'n ;  
Is the divine restoring Food,  
To all his People giv'n.

X.

My Soul do thou make Haste,  
(Nor brook the least Delay)  
To share the Blessings of the Feast,  
Which JESUS gives to-Day.

X.

Terrestrial Honors fade,  
And earthly Grandeur dies ;  
When JESU's Glories are display'd,  
To my admiring Eyes.

XI.

How shall I best record  
My dear REDEEMER's Praise ;  
" What shall I render to the LORD,"  
For his amazing Grace !

XII.

O SAVIOR ! deign to take  
My Body and my Soul ;  
And all my Pow'rs subservient make,  
To thy divine Controul.

XIII.

But all my Efforts here  
Of Praise and Gratitude,  
Dark Stains of Imperfection wear,  
And need ATONING BLOOD.

XIV.

But I shall soon arise  
From this corrupt Abode ;  
Pure as the Tenants of the Skies,  
The Image of my GOD.



XV.

Yes ; I shall rise e'er long,  
And sing sublimer Lays ;  
Pure as the Notes of *Gabriel's* Tongue  
And perfect as his Praise.

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HYMN

TO

THE GOD OF FREEDOM.

FOR THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER \*.

---

I.

FROM the Dust, BRITANNIA rise !  
Raise thy Head. and wipe thine Eyes ;  
Thou hast shed enough of Tears ;  
Felt enough of tort'ring Fears ;  
Put thy Weeds of Mourning by,  
Now's the Time for sacred Joy :  
Heav'n has heard thy ardent Prayer,  
HARDY lives ! his MAKER's Care.

II.

Let the sov'reign People rise,  
Send their Incense to the Skies,  
'Till it reach th' ALMIGHTY's Throne,  
Thro' his INTERCEDING SON.

\* A Day fatal to the Enemies of Liberty ; rendered sacred by the Destruction of the Traitor *Fawkes*, and by the Salvation of the Patriot HARDY.

Loud Thanksgivings let us sing,  
To the LORD, our only KING;  
HE who bid OUR HARDY live,  
Hymns of Praises shall receive.

III.

INNOCENCE in every Age  
Has provok'd the Tyrant's Rage;  
Advocates for MAN AND GOD;  
Have incurr'd their Iron Rod;  
But thine Arm has often thrown  
Their malicious Treasons down;  
With Salvation crown'd the Just,  
While Oppressors *bit the Dust*.

IV.

Every Heart is in thy Hand,  
Turn'd to think at thy Command;  
Men pronounc'd the just Decree,  
Influenc'd O GOD! by THEE;  
THOU beheldest from on High,  
With thy ALL PERVADING EYE,  
And thy glorious Arm reveal'd,  
SUFFERING INNOCENCE to shield.

V.

Let the FRIENDS OF MAN be found,  
With thy Pow'r encircled round ;  
Be for ever our DEFENCE,  
Guard us, O OMNIPOTENCE !  
Let Oppressors ne'er prevail,  
'Till OMNIPOTENCE can fail ;  
Build thy own eternal Throne,  
Ruin'd Tyrannies upon.

*Nov. 5th, 1794.*

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**THE TRIBUTE OF CIVIC GRATITUDE:**

A

**CONGRATULATORY ADDRESS**

TO

**CITIZEN HARDY.**

---

Do thou, great LIBERTY! inspire our Souls,  
And make our Lives in thy Possession happy,  
Or our Deaths glorious in thy just Defence.

— True Valor soars above  
What the World calls Misfortune or Affliction;  
These are not Ills, else they would never fall  
On Heav'n's first Fav'rites and the best of Men.

ADDISON.

I.

HAIL, worthy PATRIOT of dauntless Mind!  
Firm in the Cause of injur'd HUMAN-KIND:  
Thou yet shalt triumph o'er the plotted Wrongs  
Of *venal Courtiers*, and of *perjur'd Tongues*.

II.

When sov'REIGN JUSTICE shall demand their  
Breath,  
And expiate their Treasons with their Death \*;  
Bright, undiminish'd Honors thou shalt wear,  
Thy COUNTRY'S BLESSING, and thy COUNTRY'S  
CARE.

III.

To latest Ages shall my HARDY'S NAME,  
Remain the subject of IMPARTIAL FAME;  
Thy CIVIC VIRTUES with loud Plaudits join'd,  
To emulation shall awake MANKIND.

IV.

Th' immortal Trump, O dear respected Sound!  
Inspir'd by thee, in slavish Kingdoms round,  
Shall kindle FREEDOM'S EVER - CONQ'RING  
FLAME,  
And mark the Coward with the Blush of Shame.

\* ——— Is there not some chosen Curse,  
Some hidden Thunder in the Stores of Heav'n,  
Big with uncommon Wrath, to blast the Man  
Who owes his Greatness to his Country's Ruin?

## V.

Should FREEDOM's Tocsin spread the grand  
Alarm,

And MAN for LIFE and LIBERTY must Arm \*,  
Thy Name shall nerve with Energy the Hands,  
Stretch'd out to break Oppression's hated Bands †;

## VI.

Shall fire the Timid with Courageous Zeal,  
To rush on Danger for the PUBLIC-WEAL ;  
To pull the Villain from his lawless Seat,  
The titled Knave, with Usurpations great ‡.

\* *Arm*, to resist the Attacks (not unprecedented) of ministerial  
Mobs, who break Windows, burn Houses, murder peaceable  
Citizens, and then piously exclaim, "*Church and King for  
ever !!!*"

† Thy brave Example fires each PATRIOT's Breast  
Like thee, they smile at Law in Terrors drest :  
Like thee, they boldly dare for FREEDOM die,  
And view Death's Engines with undaunted Eye.

RENEGE.

‡ Tyrannic Fools! by Heav'n decreed to feel  
The almighty Fury of the Nation's Steel ;  
Hear FREEDOM's Bard, and tremble while ye hear,  
The Day—the Day of Vengeance draweth near,  
The Day when each pale Villain shall resign  
His Breath, thrice forfeit, at the Nation's Shrine.  
Hear, and avaunt! begone! or ye shall die;  
Begone!—while yet we grant the *Power to fly*.

RENEGE.

VII.

Renown imperishable shall be thine! —  
Thy NAME, O HARDY ! shall emblazon'd shine,  
In FREEDOM's ANNALS, front of Thousand more,  
Whom *Britons* reverence, and all but adore.

VIII.

Thy noble Efforts in the glorious Cause  
Of GOD AND MAN, shall (crown'd with just  
Applause)

Stand on the records of historic Truth,  
A fair Example for our British Youth ;

IX.

Who warm'd with Gratitude as they proceed,  
Shall learn thy Virtues, as they learn to read ;  
'Till each YOUNG PATRIOT burns to imitate,  
A great Man struggling with a venal State.

X.

Let fadeless Laurels wreath a civic Crown,  
To bind the Brows of FREEDOM's DARING  
SON \*;

Let the rapt Bard with more than Roman Fire  
Repeat his Deeds, and sweep the bending Lyre.

\* ————— To public Good  
Inexorably firm, just, generous, brave,  
Afraid of nothing but *unworthy Life*.

THOMSON.



XI.

How brav'd the Frowning of Oppression's Storm,  
This FRIEND of PEACE, of ORDER and  
REFORM!

And blind to Danger in the glorious Strife,  
Unto the Axe expos'd his naked Life!

XII.

How fair the CHRISTIAN and the PATRIOT  
shone!

Thy Aid, RELIGION! how divinely known!  
When his great Soul magnanimously bore,  
The dreadful Shock, "*Thy Partner is no more.*"

XIII.

The CHRISTIAN HERO, in that trying Hour,  
Felt his REDEEMER's kind supporting Pow'r;  
Those blessed Hopes which from the Gospel flow \*,  
Repell'd the Storm, and warded off the Blow †.

\* Let the Infidel candidly investigate (if Infidelity can possibly be candid) let him candidly investigate this illustrious Character, and then lift his audacious Front to the Heavens and tell the ALMIGHTY, that pure Christianity is inimical to the Cause of Freedom.—Rather let him yield to the Power of Conviction, and own with Admiration the *Rationality* of that sublime System which, while it gives GLORY TO GOD, inculcates PEACE ON EARTH, and GOOD-WILL TOWARDS MEN.

Believe, and shew the REASON of a Man.

YOUNG.

† Heav'ns! with what Strength, what Steadiness of Mind,  
He triumphs in the Midst of all his Sufferings!

How does he rise against a Load of Woes!

ADDISON.

## XIV.

Long may'st thou live, the Glory of our Isle;  
 May Heav'n, and Providence and Nature, smile  
 On thee propitious; and incessant pour  
 On thee their Blessings, till thy latest Hour.

## XV.

Long may'st thou live, employ'd in doing Good,  
 Belov'd and reverenc'd by THE MULTITUDE!  
 And all around thee, feel their Hearts imprest  
 With that Philanthropy which fills thy Breast.

## XVI.

Long may'st thou live, till Age and public Cares  
 Shine on thy Head in honourable Hairs;  
 Then borne on some distinguish'd Seraph's Wings,  
 Rise to thy FATHER, and the KING OF KINGS.

Nov. 5, 1794

